
REPORTS

Says Prince's Visit Will Make Us the
Laughing Stock of the Old
World.

[From Cincinnati Post.]

The American people are few of them I mean—are intensely interested in the visit of Prince Henry. They sniff the approach of royal pomp and luxury as the ghost in Hamlet sniffed the approach of death. They never question the political significance back of the visit, or the deeper their ignorance of the real intent of the Prince's visit the more responsibility they attach to their welcome.

Happily, the mass of Americans know that monarchies have no love nor friendship for republics. They know that a commercialism based upon a show of friendship and hospitality is the nearest childlike. There is no sentiment in commercialism. All people buy where they can bargain the best.

The childish love of the story of tit and pomp is coming to the surface of American character, and in my opinion this visit of the Prince will make us the laughing stock of the old world. Unfortunately the true American sentiment will not be distinguished from the snobbery and the whole of Europe will judge all Americans by the funkiness of its plutocrats. Representatives are ready to royalty will prove as disgusting to royalty itself as it is contemptible to all high-minded patriotic Americans.

All true Americans believe in being civil and courteous at all times, and especially hospitable to the representatives of friendly nations, but not at the expense and degradation of democratic dignity. Not as a Prince, not as a monarch, but as a man and German representative should Henry be received. But in this case we all know that it is the Prince or Habsburg is bending to it. Virchow or Habsburg would be visited by us, and we have earned by their intellectual achievements the gratitude of all mankind; they would hardly be visited. The four Habsburgs would not turn out at an operatic reception and make a vulgar display of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of jewels—the earnings of toil, wrung from the aggregate muscle and brain and heart and blood of the people of the world—to make up the luxuries of that title-worshipping Fourth Hundred. If monarchs loved Republics, they would not have implacable enemies. I too, could hail joy in giving this national visit a "royal" reception, but as a whole-voiced American will be blind to the fact that all this royal exhibition of friendship is only royal pretenses, diplomatic extension of a hand that would turn and, if it could, smite democracy from the face of the earth.

Americans should not lose their heads and fall to scrambling when a little royal pomp is thrown to them. They should learn to bow only to brains and to genius, to humanity's liberators—not to its enslavers. The German Emperor is based upon the German army—the slave master of the German people. The whole system is based upon the sword against intellectual and physical liberty. Prince Henry is the very symbol and embodiment of the enslavement of which a million German people effected their escape to these shores.

With credit to their common sense, our German citizens are making the least exhibit of funkiness of any one. They are here because they are not afraid of liberty more than military enslavement. A well-to-do and intelligent German woman said to me: "I would not look out of my window to see the Prince if he were passing. I have seen enough of royalty. My German friends take from me and put in the German army. I had to take their place and break rock with them. I have been on the public highways—sawed logs in the forest when the snow was two feet deep, and worked all day long for no wage, no royalty for me; I'm an American."

I would a thousand times prefer to visit the modest home of this old German woman and learn to know her honest patriotic face than to go to see a mediocre Prince surrounded by the vulgar display of a Nation's wealth exhibited in jewels and bare necks of its more or less lecherous Fourth Hundred.

She stands for the common heart of humanity, while Prince Henry represents customs and conditions, from which to escape humanity throughout all time, has had to wade through blood and butchery and tears.

I attack the Prince—not the man; the principle he represents—not the people he represents. I do not attack official courtesy, but social snobbery. Americans, upon all occasions, should never forget that they are first, last and always Americans. It is for a republic when it grows indifferent to Republican principles, sentiment and dignity; when it sends official representatives to the coronations of Kings, thus recognizing, elevating and dignifying the monarchial system through its own policy—a new departure for Democratic America.

J. B. WILSON, M. D.

TWO CLIPPINGS FROM FREE SOCIETY.

I am also worried about Charley Moore of the Blue Grass Blade. The last issue of his paper contained not a single editorial on himself. What dark, unfathomable mystery is back of this unaccountable silence I do not know. Whether the Blade office is short on copy, or whether its editor, like the Hindu mystic, is lost in a profound contemplation of himself, as the sublime center of his own universe, I do not know. But I am worried about it, for I know that something is wrong.

I would suggest to what philosophical Anarchists as W. Tyler (who by the revolutionary nature of his paper for himself, and not for the "philosophical," the "bombers," the "anarchists," they could gain there; they would not be classed among the "anarchists," and avoid the troubles of the latter by pointing to their official organ.

ALFRED SCHNEIDER.

Couldn't have been for want of "cap" it's for the paper is so full of a mystique machine. Just an oversight in me; will try to do better in the future.

To the latter one, that is just what I think. The two brands of Anarchists, while agreeing in their ultimate purpose to do away with government, are so noticeably opposed in their means to that end—one being for violence and the other for Quaker non-resistance.

Both Anarchists and the "philosophical," that it seems to me they should be represented by different organs.

PAINE'S LIVING MONUMENT.

I was both surprised and delighted recently to receive from Mr. G. W. Lloyd of New Rochelle, N. Y., a paper weight made from the hickory tree which grew from the grave of Thomas Paine. I imagine that had Paine chosen a monument for his grave he could have selected none more fitting than a sturdy hickory tree, which towers by nature above its fellows and waves its brachiate in the freedom and purity of the exalted atmosphere. A tree straight, strong, unimpaired and with durable fibre, the rough exterior of which resists the attacks of the designs of the forest and the blasts of adverse tempests serve only to increase its strength. The produce fruit borne in beautiful clusters, clasped by an arm and in turn, the outer covering concealing the richness of the kernel together with the stored energy and its future possibilities.

In this tree is immortality. From the very day our great liberator the seed germinated and its roots are nourished by its elements. As the hickory nut must lie concealed in mother earth for a period before its life principle is germinated and later appreciated by the every warfarer resting in its shade, so was the life work of Thomas Paine unrecognized and unappreciated until his mother had concealed his form for many years.

But his work has taken place, and the liberal movement has received a fresh impetus. The principle of the life and works of this great man is revolutionizing the world by thought instead of force, the emotional action which has been the result of the alleged physical resurrection of Jesus Christ.

I thank Brother Lloyd for sending me this reminder of the indestructibility of nature's forces, of which we are all a part. I am glad that when we eyes rest upon this souvenir it may be imbued with something of the enthusiasm which was so freely expended by Thomas Paine in his work for humanity.

HARRIET M. GLOZIER.

Webster City, Ia., March 8, 1902.

"ANARCHISTS" HAVING A LITTLE FUN.

Over in Barcelona, Spain, where there has been a great Catholic-anarchist movement, some of the Catholic-anarchist fellows concluded to have a little fun, and, by mistake, they assassinated a man who was not one of the intended to assassinate, and then they killed a baker because he would have been a good fellow to have been killed, and then a woman and child were killed and then it kept on until 400 people were killed and 200 wounded.

None of this amounts to a hill of beans and would have attracted no attention if it had occurred in Kentucky, some Sunday, at church.

But the worst part of all this is that these people who started all this assassination and other brands of killing, are by the Associated Press dispatches, all over the world, spoken of as "anarchists," and Free Society," that claim to be anarchist papers, and of course, know what anarchy is, and again explained to the world that anarchists never kill any body; that they are opposed to all killing and believe in managing things just by loving everybody, and being sweet on 'em.

"Discontent" and "Free Society" ought to write letters to those European powers and tell those fellows that they are real angry about this.

The Religion of Washington and Lincoln.

Philipsburg, Mont., Feb. 25, 1902.

C. C. MOORE.

I enclose small remittance for the Blade. * * * I enclose an article which I hope will set you right about the religion of Washington and Lincoln. This authority comes from "on high," and is, therefore, unquestioning, notwithstanding, I agree with Remsburg and Moore to the contrary.

Go after this sky-burial in your usual style, and let us see who has the best of it; we want to have the other side.

Yours truly,

M. A. CAILL.

Comment. The sky-burial is Rev. Charles A. Bovard (one instance where a man named Charles is N. G.)

Rev. Charles says, among other things, as follows:

"In the midst of the arduous duties and trials that filled his life during the troublous times of war, Lincoln kept up his habit of daily prayer and expressed a hope of blessed immortality through Jesus Christ."

I deny that Lincoln ever "expressed a hope of blessed immortality through Jesus Christ," and I challenge Rev. Bovard to add the proof. Lin-

coln was an infidel of much the same sort as Paine, who devoutly believed in a god. Paine greatly admired Jesus Christ as a good man and it may be so far as I now recall, that Lincoln expressed admiration for Jesus Christ, as a man; but there is no evidence that Lincoln believed in the divinity of Jesus, and he never said one-tenth as much in favor of Jesus as Paine did.

Washington seems to have been an infidel of the Paine school, the greater part of his life, and then attended the Episcopal Church, which was then as it is now—a man could be a member of it and believe anything he pleased, from Buddhism to Dowdism.

Dean Lee, in Lexington, would today, take me into the Episcopal Church—just as I am, and be glad and proud of the chance to do it.

"TO HER MIND"

The B. G. B. Is the Best Freethought Paper Issued.

South Fork, Pa., February 25.

EDITOR C. C. MOORE:

Dear Sir:—Find enclosed \$5, which finances the amount of money needed for the club of ten—will send the balance of names soon as I can locate my people.

For the extra money enclosed please send Kidder's "Satanism," or any of his articles in pamphlet form containing picture of the writer. I am anxious to know what the man looks like who produces so much brainy stuff, which reads so well and pleases in your paper, the Blue Grass Blade, which, to my mind, is the best Freethought paper issued.

I am glad of the success of the National Liberal Party, and am proud of its members, and particularly of Mr. P. H. Henry, and I mean to be a member of the party soon.

With best wishes for yourself, Mr. Hughes and all lovers of freethought—the cause so dear to my heart—I remain sincerely

MRS. C. W. FARMER.

A CONVICT SAYS

"Your Book 'Behind the Bars: 31, 496' Is Worth Its Weight in Diamonds."

Wilmington, N. C., March 14, 1902.

Kind Sir:—I may leave this week for the penitentiary and shall see how many ladies are there in my cell.

Your book, "Behind the Bars, 31,496," is worth its weight in diamonds. It is a real friend in my cell. My best wishes to you. My future address will be penitentiary, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Sincerely yours,

H. HAUSER.

Comment.—When as many as 300 of these heads shall have been substituted for 50 cents each, in paper back—exactly the same that bound, sold for \$1.00—as many as 300,000 men and women, in paper back, a neat and substantial job and sell them at 50 cents each.

The number subscribed for will be found in large, figures each issue, at the head of this article.

When I began using the first personal pronoun "I," in writing editorials, it was ridiculed by other infidel editors.

Now, in the London Freeholder, of Feb. 23, its editor, in an editorial of 50 lines, uses "I" 23 times.

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